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## CHEAPNESS.

CHEAPNESS, by universal confession, does not consist merely in lowness of price; for a thing may have a low price put upon it, but, being of bad or indifferent quality, it may not be worth even that sum, or would be dear at any. Every one understands this principle, but every one does not act upon it. Where desires are ever pressing beyond resources, there always will be a temptation to take inferior articles at low prices, if they only can be made to have a plausible appearance. The wise and the liberal alone both know that a low-priced article is not necessarily cheap, and systematically spend their money on things which stand at high or at fair prices.

It is, on the other hand, a great mistake to suppose that lowness of price necessarily implies inferiority of quality. There is a cheapness which arises from abundance, from glutted markets, from excessive competition of labour, and from facilities of production; this kind of cheapness is compatible with the highest possible quality. Let us set aside the undesirable cheapness which springs from deranged conditions in the fields of labour and capital, and there remains a kind which is very opposite in character; that is, exceedingly desirable; namely, the cheapness resulting from either the bounty of Providence, or from improvements effected by human ingenuity, or developed in our social relations. Here the stigma which some unreflectingly attach to the whole idea of cheapness vanishes, and we see results of the greatest importance to society.

The effect of an abundant harvest in promoting the welfare of a community is readily seen and admitted. There would be no greater difficulty in seeing similar effects from everything which tends to enable us to obtain two yards of cloth or two books for the same money which purchased one before—or, what is the same thing, enables us to get one of each of superior quality to what was formerly obtainable—were it not for the local and personal inconveniences which sometimes arise, or are complained of as arising, from these changes. The one benefit appears as the free gift of Providence; the other seems to come at the expense of some portion of our fellow-creatures. It is, however, the law of nature that the interests of the few must give way to those of the many. We may deplore the particular cases, but we cannot resist the operation of the principle. When we have learned to give a more enlightened submission to such laws, the cheapening of an article by improved modes of manufacture will appear to every one as a precisely kindred fact to the reaping of a good instead of a medium or bad harvest. And we shall sympathise as heartily in the gaiety produced in the mind of a country girl when, for the first time, she can, by its increasing cheapness, attain the glory of a gown

formerly beyond her means, as we do with the artisan's children when July suns make their rations a little more liberal, or allow of milk being added to pottage.

The actual course of things for many years in our country has been to cheapen numberless articles, and thus to enlarge to an immense extent the possibilities of enjoyment to all men. By the employment of machinery, the dresses of one grade of society in former days are sent down to those below; by railways, the poor man's journeys are accomplished as easily in all respects as the rich man's were thirty years since. That luxury, a book—truly the greatest of all, and often the most important purchase which a man can make—is now comparatively within the reach of all. It were vain, as well as tedious, to attempt to enumerate the articles which are now much cheaper than they were thirty years ago, or the new enjoyments which have thus been made attainable. But the sum of results certainly is, that life everywhere is, or may be, a superior thing to what it ever was before. God has made his world a fairer and more fertile field for his creatures through the means of those creatures themselves.

It may be questioned if, in such circumstances, the term cheapness is applicable. It is entirely a relative term: a thing is held to be cheap in comparison with some former price, or with some other article, or with the cost employed in the production of the article itself. When, however, the price of an article is lowered merely because less means are now required for its production, and other articles are reduced in proportion, the relation on which the term depends is destroyed, and however much more attainable than formerly, it is no longer properly cheap. For example, the literary matter conveyed in the present sheet is not strictly cheap, because it can as easily be furnished to the public for the sum demanded for it as the matter of any higher-priced sheet of former times. The comparative smallness of its price is owing to the ingenuity which constructed the paper-making and printing-machines, the improved social relations which allow of articles being diffused at little cost over an extensive country, and the increased national intelligence which has widened the circle of readers. We evidently have not here cheapness in the ordinary acceptance of the word: we have merely one of the advantages arising from a highly-civilised and exquisitely well-regulated state of society. For this reason the term cheap, as applied to a book or journal, is becoming a misnomer. If these are sold simply at the rate which improved means of production render possible, they may be said to be priced according to the standard in the case: they are a rule, not an exception. It only remains possible for other works to be, in comparison with this new standard, dear.

The bounty of God in giving good gifts is always seen to go before the aptitude of men to make a good use of them, or to be sensible of their value. His providence has been continually giving greater and greater cheapness, and thus placing it in the power of his creatures to lead more and more happy lives. They are everywhere seen to take advantage tardily and partially of His goodness. Even in our comparatively enlightened country, the benefits of cheapened production are not universally acknowledged. It appears to many as if it were laudable policy to put a hindrance on the process by which the Father of all mercies seeks to increase the general joy of his children. Amongst a vast multitude these benefits are but in a small degree turned to their just and true use. Vanity and depraved appetite misapply the bounty which, under rationality and pure tastes, might make the humblest homes blossom as the rose. Hence the very character of the principle which we aim at elucidating is rendered additionally obscure.

It cannot, however, continue so always. Barbarism can only have its day, and light must ever succeed darkness. The true character of cheapness, as a dispensation of heavenly generosity in favour of humanity, will in time be fully seen, and universally admitted. Every arrangement by which this can be advanced will be hailed with joy and gratitude by man. With a correct sense of the principle, his practice will improve; and when every saving which increased cheapness admits of is turned systematically, as it ought to be, to the attainment of some fresh addition to the beauty and the sanctity of life, his condition upon earth will be a spectacle which at present can only be faintly imagined.

#### EXPERIENCES OF A BARRISTER.

##### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IN the second year of my connection with the Northern Circuit, when even *junior* briefs were much less numerous than acceptable, I was agreeably surprised, as I sat musing on the evening of my arrival in the ancient city of York upon the capricious mode in which those powerful personages the attorneys distributed their valuable favours, by the entrance of one of the most eminent of the race practising in that part of the country, and the forthwith tender of a bulky brief in the Crown Court, on which, as my glance instinctively fell on the interesting figures, I perceived that the large fee, in criminal cases, of fifty guineas was marked. The local newspapers, from which I had occasionally seen extracts, had been for some time busy with the case; and I knew it therefore to be, relatively to the condition in life of the principal person implicated, an important one. Rumour had assigned the conduct of the defence to an eminent leader on the circuit—since, one of our ablest judges; and on looking more closely at the brief, I perceived that that gentleman's name had been crossed out, and mine substituted. The fee also—a much less agreeable alteration—had been, I saw, considerably reduced; in accordance, doubtless, with the attorney's appreciation of the difference of value between a silk and a stuff gown.

'You are not, sir, I believe, retained for the prosecution in the crown against Everett?' said Mr Sharpe in his brief, business manner.

'I am not, Mr Sharpe.'

'In that case, I beg to tender you the leading-brief for the defence. It was intended, as you perceive, to place it in the hands of our great *nisi prius* leader, but

he will be so completely occupied in that court, that he has been compelled to decline it. He mentioned you; and from what I have myself seen of you in several cases, I have no doubt my unfortunate client will have ample justice done him. Mr Kingston will be with you.'

I thanked Mr Sharpe for his compliment, and accepted his brief. As the commission would be opened on the following morning, I at once applied myself to a perusal of the bulky paper, aided as I read by the verbal explanations and commentaries of Mr Sharpe. Our conference lasted several hours; and it was arranged that another should be held early the next morning at Mr Sharpe's office, at which Mr Kingston would assist.

Dark, intricate, compassed with fearful mystery, was the case so suddenly submitted to my guidance; and the few faint gleams of light derived from the attorney's research, prescience, and sagacity, served but to render dimly visible a still profounder and blacker abyss of crime than that disclosed by the evidence for the crown. Young as I then was in the profession, no marvel that I felt oppressed by the weight of the responsibility cast upon me; or that, when wearied with thinking, and dizzy with profitless conjecture, I threw myself into bed, perplexing images and shapes of guilt and terror pursued me through my troubled sleep! Happily the next day was not that of trial; for I awoke with a throbbing pulse and burning brain, and should have been but poorly prepared for a struggle involving the issues of life and death. Extremely sensitive, as, under the circumstances, I must necessarily have been, to the arduous nature of the grave duties so unexpectedly devolved upon me, the following *résumé* of the chief incidents of the case, as confided to me by Mr Sharpe, will, I think, fully account to the reader for the nervous irritability under which I for the moment laboured:—

Mr Frederick Everett, the prisoner about to be arraigned before a jury of his countrymen for the frightful crime of murder, had, with his father, Captain Antony Everett, resided for several years past at Woodlands Manor-House, the seat of Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh, a rich, elderly maiden lady, aunt to the first, and sister by marriage to the last-named gentleman. A generous, pious, high-minded person Mrs Fitzhugh was represented to have been, but extremely sensitive withal on the score of 'family.' The Fitzhughs of Yorkshire, she was wont to boast, 'came in with the Conqueror;' and any branch of the glorious tree then firmly planted in the soil of England that degraded itself by an alliance with wealth, beauty, or worth, dwelling without the pale of her narrow prejudices, was inexorably cut off from her affections, and, as far as she was able, from her memory. One—the principal of these offenders—had been Mary Fitzhugh, her young, fair, gentle, and only sister. In utter disdain and slight of the dignity of ancestry, she had chosen to unite herself to a gentleman of the name of Mordaunt, who, though possessed of great talents, an unspotted name, and, for his age, high rank in the civil service of the East India Company, had—inexorable misfortune—a trader for his grandfather! This crime against her 'house' Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh resolved never to forgive; and she steadily returned, unopened, the frequent letters addressed to her by her sister, who pined in her distant Indian home for a renewal of the old sisterly love which had watched over and gladdened her life from infancy to womanhood. A long silence—a silence of many years—succeeded; broken at last by the sad announcement that the unforgiven one had long since found an early grave in a foreign land. The letter which brought the intelligence bore the London postmark, and was written by Captain Everett; to whom, it was stated, Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh's sister, early widowed, had been united in second nuptials, and by

whom she had borne a son, Frederick Everett, now nearly twenty years of age. The long-pent-up affection of Mrs Fitzhugh for her once idolised sister burst forth at this announcement of her death with uncontrollable violence; and, as some atonement for her past sinful obduracy, she immediately invited the husband and son of her long-lost Mary to Woodlands Manor-House, to be henceforth, she said, she hoped their home. Soon after their arrival, Mrs Fitzhugh made a will—the family property was entirely at her disposal—revoking a former one, which bequeathed the whole of the real and personal property to a distant relative whom she had never seen, and by which all was devised to her nephew, who was immediately proclaimed sole heir to the Fitzhugh estates, yielding a yearly rental of at least £12,000. Nay, so thoroughly was she softened towards the memory of her deceased sister, that the will—of which, as I have stated, no secret was made—provided, in the event of Frederick dying childless, that the property should pass to his father, Mary Fitzhugh's second husband.

No two persons could be more unlike than were the father and son—mentally, morally, physically. Frederick Everett was a fair-haired, blue-eyed young man, of amiable, caressing manners, gentlest disposition, and ardent poetic temperament. His father, on the contrary, was a dark-featured, cold, haughty, repulsive man, ever apparently wrapped up in selfish and moody reveries. Between him and his son there appeared to exist but little of cordial intercourse, although the highly-sensitive and religious tone of mind of Frederick Everett caused him to treat his parent with unvarying deference and respect.

The poetic temperament of Frederick Everett brought him at last, as poetic temperaments are apt to do, into trouble. Youth, beauty, innocence, and grace, united in the person of Lucy Carrington—the only child of Mr Stephen Carrington, a respectable retired merchant of moderate means, residing within a few miles of Woodlands Manor-House—crossed his path; and spite of his shield of many quarterings, he was vanquished in an instant, and almost without resistance. The at least tacit consent and approval of Mr Carrington and his fair daughter secured, Mr Everett, junior—hasty, headstrong lover that he was—immediately disclosed his matrimonial projects to his father and aunt. Captain Everett received the announcement with a sarcastic smile, coldly remarking, that if Mrs Fitzhugh was satisfied, he had no objection to offer. But, alas! no sooner did her nephew, with much periphrastic eloquence, impart his passion for the daughter of a mere merchant to his aunt, than a vehement torrent of indignant rebuke broke from her lips. She would die rather than consent to so degrading a *mésalliance*; and should he persist in yielding to such gross infatuation, she would not only disinherit, but banish him her house, and cast him forth a beggar on the world. Language like this, one can easily understand, provoked language from the indignant young man which in less heated moments he would have disdained to utter; and the aunt and nephew parted in fierce anger, and after mutual denunciation of each other—he as a disobedient ingrate, she as an imperious, ungenerous tyrant. The quarrel was with some difficulty patched up by Captain Everett; and with the exception of the change which took place in the disappointed lover's demeanour—from light-hearted gaiety to gloom and sullenness—things, after a few days, went on pretty nearly as before.

The sudden rupture of the hopes Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh had reposed in her nephew as the restorer of the glories of her ancient 'house,' tarnished by Mary Fitzhugh's marriage, affected dangerously, it soon appeared, that lady's already failing health. A fortnight after the quarrel with her nephew, she became alarmingly ill. Unusual and baffling symptoms showed themselves; and after suffering during eight days from alternate acute pain, and heavy, unconquerable drowsiness, she expired in her nephew's arms. This sudden and fatal

illness of his relative appeared to reawaken all Frederick Everett's tenderness and affection for her. He was incessant in his close attendance in the sick-chamber, permitting no one else to administer to his aunt either aliment or medicine. On this latter point, indeed, he insisted, with strange fierceness, taking the medicine with his own hand from the man who brought it; and after administering the prescribed quantity, carefully locking up the remainder in a cabinet in his bedroom.

On the morning of the day that Mrs Fitzhugh died, her ordinary medical attendant, Mr Smith, terrified and perplexed by the urgency of the symptoms exhibited by his patient, called in the aid of a locally-eminent physician, Dr Archer, or Archford—the name is not very distinctly written in my memoranda of these occurrences; but we will call him Archer—who at once changed the treatment till then pursued, and ordered powerful emetics to be administered, without, however, as we have seen, producing any saving or sensible effect. The grief of Frederick Everett, when all hope was over, was unbounded. He threw himself, in a paroxysm of remorse or frenzy, upon the bed, accusing himself of having murdered her, with other strange and incoherent expressions, upon which an intimation soon afterwards made by Dr Archer threw startling light. That gentleman, conjointly with Mr Smith, requested an immediate interview with Captain Everett, and Mr Hardyman, the deceased lady's land-steward and solicitor, who happened to be in the house at the time. The request was of course complied with, and Dr Archer at once bluntly stated that, in his opinion, *poison* had been administered to the deceased lady, though of what precise kind he was somewhat at a loss to conjecture—opium essentially, he thought, though certainly not in any of its ordinary preparations—one of the alkaloids probably which chemical science had recently discovered. Be this as it may, a *post-mortem* examination of the body would clear up all doubts, and should take place as speedily as possible. Captain Everett at once acceded to Dr Archer's proposal, at the same time observing that he was quite sure the result would entirely disprove that gentleman's assumption. Mr Hardyman also fully concurred in the necessity of a rigid investigation; and the *post-mortem* examination should, it was arranged, take place early on the following morning.

'I have another and very painful duty to perform,' continued Dr Archer, addressing Captain Everett. 'I find that your son, Mr Frederick Everett, alone administered medicine and aliment to Mrs Fitzhugh during her illness. Strange, possibly wholly frenzied expressions, but which sounded vastly like cries of remorse, irrepressible by a person unused to crime, escaped him in my hearing just after the close of the final scene; and— But perhaps, Captain Everett, you had better retire: this is scarcely a subject'—

'Go on, sir,' said the captain, over whose countenance a strange expression—to use Dr Archer's own words—had *flashed*; 'go on: I am better now.'

'We all know,' resumed Dr Archer, 'how greatly Mr Frederick Everett gains in wealth by his aunt's death; and that her decease, moreover, will enable him to conclude the marriage to which she was so determinedly opposed. I think, therefore, that, under all the circumstances, we shall be fully justified in placing the young gentleman under such—I will not say custody, but *surveillance*, as will prevent him either from leaving the house, should he imagine himself suspected, or of destroying any evidence which may possibly exist of his guilt, if indeed he be guilty.'

'I entirely agree with you, Dr Archer,' exclaimed Mr Hardyman, who had listened with much excitement to the doctor's narrative; 'and will, upon my own responsibility, take the necessary steps for effecting the object you have in view.'

'Gentlemen,' said Captain Everett, rising from his chair, 'you will of course do your duty; but I can take no part, nor offer any counsel, in such a case: I must



leave you to your own devices.' He then left the apartment.

He had been gone but a few minutes, when Frederick Everett, still in a state of terrible excitement, entered the room, strode fiercely up to Dr Archer, and demanded how he dared propose, as the butler had just informed him he had done, a dissection of his aunt's body.

'I will not permit it,' continued the agitated young man: 'I am master here, and I say it shall not be done. What new horror would you evoke? Is it not enough that one of the kindest, best of God's creatures, has perished, but *another* sacrifice must—What do I say? Enough that I will not permit it. I have seen similar cases—very similar cases in—India!'

The gentlemen so strangely addressed had exchanged significant glances during the delivery of this incoherent speech; and, quite confirmed in their previous impression, Mr Hardyman, as their spokesman, interrupted the speaker, to inform him that *he* was the suspected assassin of his aunt! The accusing sentences had hardly passed the solicitor's lips, when the furious young man sprang towards him with the bound of a tiger, and at one blow prostrated him on the floor. He was immediately seized by the two medical gentlemen, and help having been summoned, he was with much difficulty secured, and placed in strict confinement, to await the result of the next day's inquiry.

The examination of the body disclosed the terrible fact, that the deceased lady had perished by *acetate of morphine*; thus verifying the sagacious guess of Dr Archer. A minute search was immediately made throughout Mr Frederick Everett's apartments, and behind one of the drawers of a cabinet in his bedroom—at the back of the shelf or partition upon which the drawer rested, and of course completely hidden by the drawer itself when in its place—was found a flat tin flask, fluted on the outside, and closed with a screw stopper: it was loosely enveloped in a sheet of brown paper, directed '—Everett, Esq., Woodlands Manor-House, Yorkshire; and upon close examination, a small quantity of white powder, which proved to be *acetate of morphine*, was found in the flask. Suspicion of young Everett's guilt now became conviction; and, as if to confirm beyond all doubt the soundness of the chain of circumstantial evidence in which he was immeshed, the butler, John Darby, an aged and trusty servant of the late Mrs Fitzhugh, made on the next day the following deposition before the magistrates:—

'He had taken in, two days before his late mistress was seized with her fatal illness, a small brown paper parcel which had been brought by coach from London, and for which 2s. 10d. carriage was charged and paid. The paper found in Mr Frederick Everett's cabinet was, he could positively swear, from the date and figures marked on it, and the handwriting, the paper wrapper of that parcel. He had given it to young Mr Everett, who happened to be in the library at the time. About five minutes afterwards, he had occasion to return to the library, to inform him that some fishing-tackle he had ordered was sent home. The door was ajar; and Mr Frederick did not at first perceive his entrance, as he was standing with his back to the door. The paper parcel he, the butler, had just before delivered was lying open on the table, and Mr Everett held in one hand a flat tin flask—the witness had no doubt the same found in the cabinet—and in the other a note, which he was reading. He, the witness, coughed, to attract Mr Everett's attention, who hurriedly turned round, clapped down the flask and the note, shuffling them under the paper wrapper, as if to conceal them, and then, in a very confused manner, and his face as red as flame, asked witness what he wanted there? Witness thought this behaviour very strange at the time; but the incident soon passed from his mind, and he had thought no more of it till the finding of the paper and flask as described by the other witnesses.'

Mr Frederick Everett, who had manifested the strangest

impassibility, a calmness as of despair, throughout the inquiry, which perplexed and disheartened Mr Sharpe, whose services had been retained by Captain Everett, allowed even this mischievous evidence to pass without a word of comment or explanation; and he was, as a matter of course, fully committed for the wilful murder of his relative. The chain of circumstantial evidence, motive included, was, it was felt, complete—not a link was wanting.

These were the chief incidents disclosed to me by Mr Sharpe during our long and painful consultation. Of the precise nature of the terrible suspicions which haunted and disturbed me, I shall only in this place say that neither Mr Sharpe, nor, consequently, myself, would in all probability have guessed or glanced at them, but for the persistent assertions of Miss Carrington, that her lover was madly sacrificing himself from some chimerical motive of honour or duty.

'You do not know, Mr Sharpe, as I do,' she would frequently exclaim with tearful vehemence, 'the generous, childlike simplicity, the chivalric enthusiasm, of his character, his utter abnegation of self, and readiness on all occasions to sacrifice his own ease, his own wishes, to forward the happiness of others; and, above all, his fantastic notions of honour—duty, if you will—which would, I feel assured, prompt him to incur any peril, death itself, to shield from danger any one who had claims upon him either of blood or of affection. You know to whom my suspicions point; and how dreadful to think that one so young, so brave, so pious, and so true, should be sacrificed for such a monster as I believe that man to be!'

To all these passionate expostulations the attorney could only reply that vague suspicions were not judicial proofs; and that if Mr Frederick Everett would persist in his obstinate reserve, a fatal result was inevitable. But Mr Sharpe readily consented to gratify the wishes of Mr Carrington and his daughter on one point: he returned the money, not a very large sum, which Captain Everett had sent him, and agreed that Mr Carrington should supply the funds necessary for the defence of the prisoner.

Our consultation the next day at Mr Sharpe's was a sad and hopeless one. Nowhere did a gleam of cheerful light break in. The case was overwhelmingly complete against the prisoner. The vague suspicions we entertained pointed to a crime so monstrous, so incredible, that we felt it could not be so much as hinted at upon such, legally considered, slight grounds. The prisoner was said to be an eloquent speaker, and I undertook to draw up the outline of a defence, impugning, with all the dialectic skill I was master of, the conclusiveness of the evidence for the crown. To this, and a host of testimony to character which we proposed to call, rested our faint hopes of 'a good deliverance!'

Business was over, and we were taking a glass of wine with Mr Sharpe, when his chief clerk entered to say that Sergeant Edwards, an old soldier—who had spoken to them some time before relative to a large claim which he asserted he had against Captain Everett, arising out of a legacy bequeathed to him in India, and the best mode of assuring its payment by an annuity, as proposed by the captain—had now called to say that the terms were at last finally arranged, and that he wished to know when Mr Sharpe would be at leisure to draw up the bond. 'He need not fear for his money!' exclaimed Sharpe tartly; 'the captain will, I fear, be rich enough before another week has passed over our heads. Tell him to call to-morrow evening; I will see him after I return from court.' A few minutes afterwards, I and Mr Kingston took our leave.

The Crown Court was thronged to suffocation on the following morning, and the excitement of the auditory appeared to be of the intensest kind. Miss Carrington, closely veiled, sat beside her father on one of the sidebenches. A true bill against the prisoner had been found on the previous afternoon; and the trial, it had been arranged, to suit the convenience of counsel, should

be first proceeded with. The court was presided over by Mr Justice Grose; and Mr Gurney—afterwards Mr Baron Gurney—with another gentleman appeared for the prosecution. As soon as the judge had taken his seat, the prisoner was ordered to be brought in, and a hush of expectation pervaded the assembly. In a few minutes he made his appearance in the dock. His aspect—calm, mournful, and full of patient resignation—spoke strongly to the feelings of the audience, and a low murmur of sympathy ran through the court. He bowed respectfully to the bench, and then his sad, proud eye wandered round the auditory, till it rested on the form of Lucy Carrington, who, overcome by sudden emotion, had hidden her weeping face in her father's bosom. Strong feeling, which he with difficulty mastered, shook his frame, and blanched to a still deeper pallor his fine intellectual countenance. He slowly withdrew his gaze from the agitating spectacle, and his troubled glance meeting that of Mr Sharpe, seemed to ask why proceedings, which *could* only have one termination, were delayed. He had not long to wait. The jury were sworn, and Mr Gurney rose to address them for the crown. Clear, terse, logical, powerful without the slightest pretence to what is called eloquence, his speech produced a tremendous impression upon all who heard it; and few persons mentally withheld their assent to his assertion, as he concluded what was evidently a painful task, 'that should he produce evidence substantiating the statement he had made, the man who could then refuse to believe in the prisoner's guilt, would equally refuse credence to actions witnessed by his own bodily eyes.'

The different witnesses were then called, and testified to the various facts I have before related. Vainly did Mr Kingston and I exert ourselves to invalidate the irresistible proofs of guilt so dispassionately detailed. 'It is useless,' whispered Mr Sharpe, as I sat down after the cross-examination of the aged butler. 'You have done all that could be done; but he is a doomed man, spite of his innocence, of which I feel, every moment that I look at him, the more and more convinced. God help us, we are poor, fallible creatures, with all our scientific machinery for getting at truth!'

The case for the crown was over, and the prisoner was told that now was the time for him to address the jury in answer to the charge preferred against him. He bowed courteously to the intimation, and drawing a paper from his pocket, spoke, after a few preliminary words of course, nearly as follows:—

'I hold in my hand a very acute and eloquent address prepared for me by one of the able and zealous gentlemen who appear to-day as my counsel, and which, but for the iniquitous law which prohibits the advocate of a presumed felon, but possibly quite innocent person, from addressing the jury, upon whose verdict his client's fate depends, would no doubt have formed the subject-matter of an appeal to you not to yield credence to the apparently irrefragable testimony arrayed against me. The substance of this defence you must have gathered from the tenor of the cross-examinations; but so little effect did it produce, I saw, in that form, however ably done, and so satisfied am I that though it were rendered with an angel's eloquence, it would prove utterly impotent to shake the strong conclusions of my guilt, which you, short-sighted, fallible mortals—short-sighted and fallible *because* mortal—I mean no disrespect—must have drawn from the body of evidence you have heard, that I will not weary you or myself by reading it. I will only observe that it points especially to the *overproof*, so to speak, arrayed against me—to the folly of supposing that an intentional murderer would ostentatiously persist in administering the fatal potion to the victim with his own hands, carefully excluding all others from a chance of incurring suspicion. There are other points, but this is by far the most powerful one; and as I cannot believe that will induce you to return a verdict rescuing me from what the foolish world, judging from appearances, will call a shameful death, but which I, knowing my own heart, feel to be sanctified by

the highest motives which can influence man—it would be merely waste of time to repeat them. From the first moment, gentlemen, that this accusation was preferred against me, I felt that I had done with this world; and, young as I am, but for one beloved being whose presence lighted up and irradiated this else cold and barren earth, I should, with little reluctance, have accepted this gift of an apparently severe, but perhaps merciful fate. This life, gentlemen,' he continued after a short pause, 'it has been well said, is but a battle and a march. I have been struck down early in the combat; but of what moment is that, if it be found by Him who witnesses the world-unnoticed deeds of *all* his soldiers, that I have earned the victor's crown? Let it be your consolation, gentlemen, if hereafter you should discover that you have sent me to an undeserved death, that you at least will not have hurried a soul spotted with the awful crime of murder before its Maker. And oh,' he exclaimed in conclusion, with solemn earnestness, 'may *all* who have the guilt of blood upon them hasten, whilst life is still granted them, to cleanse themselves by repentance of that foul sin, so that not only the sacrifice of one poor life, but that most holy and tremendous one offered in the world's consummate hour, may not for them have been made in vain! My lord and gentlemen, I have no more to say. You will doubtless do your duty: I have done mine.'

I was about, a few minutes after the conclusion of this strange and unexpected address, to call our witnesses to character, when, to the surprise of the whole court, and the consternation of the prisoner, Miss Carrington started up, threw aside her veil, and addressing the judge, demanded to be heard.

Queenly, graceful, and of touching loveliness did she look in her vehemence of sorrow—radiant as sunlight in her days of joy she must have been—as she stood up, affection-prompted, regardless of self, of the world, to make one last effort to save her affianced husband.

'What would you say, young lady?' said Mr Justice Grose kindly. 'If you have anything to testify in favour of the prisoner, you had better communicate with his counsel.'

'Not that—not that,' she hurriedly replied, as if fearful that her strength would fail before she had enunciated her purpose. 'Put, my lord, put Frederick—the prisoner, I mean—on his oath. Bid him declare, as he shall answer at the bar of Almighty God, who is the murderer for whom he is about to madly sacrifice himself, and you will then find'—

'Your request is an absurd one,' interrupted the judge with some asperity. 'I have no power to question a prisoner.'

'Then,' shrieked the unfortunate lady, sinking back fainting and helpless in her father's arms, 'he is lost—lost!'

She was immediately carried out of court; and as soon as the sensation caused by so extraordinary and painful an incident had subsided, the trial proceeded. A cloud of witnesses to character were called; the judge summed up; the jury deliberated for a few minutes; and a verdict of 'guilty' was returned. Sentence to die on the day after the next followed, and all was over!

Yes; all was, we deemed, over; but happily a decree, reversing that of Mr Justice Grose, had gone forth in Heaven. I was sitting at home about an hour after the court had closed, painfully musing on the events of the day, when the door of the apartment suddenly flew open, and in rushed Mr Sharpe in a state of great excitement, accompanied by Sergeant Edwards, whom the reader will remember had called the previous day at that gentleman's house. In a few minutes I was in possession of the following important information, elicited by Mr Sharpe from the half-willing, half-reluctant sergeant, whom he had found waiting for him at his office:—

In the first place, Captain Everett was *not* the father of the prisoner! The young man was the son of Mary

Fitzhugh by her first marriage; and his name, consequently, was Mordaunt, not Everett. His mother had survived her second marriage barely six months. Everett, calculating doubtless upon the great pecuniary advantages which would be likely to result to himself as the reputed father of the heir to a splendid English estate, should the quarrel with Mrs Eleanor Fitzhugh—as he nothing doubted—be ultimately made up, had brought his deceased wife's infant son up as his own. This was the secret of Edwards and his wife; and to purchase their silence, Captain Everett had agreed to give the bond for an annuity which Mr Sharpe was to draw up. The story of the legacy was a mere pretence. When Edwards was in Yorkshire before, Everett pacified him for the time with a sum of money, and a promise to do more for him as soon as his reputed son came into the property. He then hurried the *ci-devant* sergeant back to London: and at the last interview he had with him, gave him a note addressed to a person living in one of the streets—I forget which—leading out of the Haymarket, together with a five-pound note, which he was to pay the person to whom the letter was addressed for some very rare and valuable powder, which the captain wanted for scientific purposes, and which Edwards was to forward by coach to Woodlands Manor-House. Edwards obeyed his instructions, and delivered the message to the queer bushy-bearded foreigner to whom it was addressed, who told him that, if he brought him the sum of money mentioned in the note on the following day, he should have the article required. He also bade him bring a well-stopped bottle to put it in. As the bottle was to be sent by coach, Edwards purchased a tin flask, as affording a better security against breakage; and having obtained the powder, packed it nicely up, and told his niece, who was staying with him at the time, to direct it, as he was in a hurry to go out, to Squire Everett, Woodlands Manor-House, Yorkshire, and then take it to the book-office. He thought, of course, though he said *Squire* in a jocular way, that she would have directed it *Captain* Everett, as she knew him well; but it seemed she had not. Edwards had returned to Yorkshire only two days since, to get his annuity settled, and fortunately was present in court at the trial of Frederick Mordaunt, *alias* Everett, and at once recognised the tin flask as the one he had purchased and forwarded to Woodlands, where it must in due course have arrived on the day stated by the butler. Terrified and bewildered at the consequences of what he had done, or helped to do, Edwards hastened to Mr Sharpe, who, by dint of exhortations, threats, and promises, judiciously blended, induced him to make a clean breast of it.

As much astounded as elated by this unlooked-for information, it was some minutes before I could sufficiently concentrate my thoughts upon the proper course to be pursued. I was not, however, long in deciding. Leaving Mr Sharpe to draw up an affidavit of the facts disclosed by Edwards, and to take especial care of that worthy, I hastened off to the jail, in order to obtain a thorough elucidation of all the mysteries connected with the affair before I waited upon Mr Justice Grose.

The revulsion of feeling in the prisoner's mind when he learned that the man for whom he had so recklessly sacrificed himself was not only *not* his father, but a cold-blooded villain, who, according to the testimony of Sergeant Edwards, had embittered, perhaps shortened, his mother's last hours, was immediate and excessive. 'I should have taken Lucy's advice!' he bitterly exclaimed, as he strode to and fro his cell; 'have told the truth at all hazards, and have left the rest to God.' His explanation of the incidents that had so puzzled us all was as simple as satisfactory. He had always, from his earliest days, stood much in awe of his father, who in the, to young Mordaunt, sacred character of parent, exercised an irresistible control over him; and when the butler entered the library, he believed for an instant it was his father who had surprised him in the act of reading his correspondence; an act which, however un-

intentional, would, he knew, excite Captain Everett's fiercest wrath. Hence arose the dismay and confusion which the butler had described. He revealed the parcel, and placed it in his reputed father's dressing-room; and thought little more of the matter, till, on entering his aunt's bedroom on the first evening of her illness, he beheld Everett pour a small portion of white powder from the tin flask into the bottle containing his aunt's medicine. The terrible truth at once flashed upon him. A fierce altercation immediately ensued in the father's dressing-room, whither Frederick followed him. Everett persisted that the powder was a celebrated Eastern medicament, which would save, if anything could, his aunt's life. The young man was not of course deceived by this shallow falsehood, and from that moment administered the medicine to the patient with his own hands, and kept the bottles which contained it locked up in his cabinet. 'Fool that I was!' he exclaimed in conclusion, 'to trust to such a paltry precaution to defeat that accomplished master of wile and fraud! On the very morning of my aunt's death, I surprised him shutting and locking one of my cabinet drawers. So dumbfounded was I with horror and dismay at the sight, that he left the room by a side-door without observing me. You have now the key to my conduct. I loathed to look upon the murderer; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than attempt to save my own life by the sacrifice of a father's—how guilty soever he might be.'

Furnished with this explanation, and the affidavit of Edwards, I waited upon the judge, and obtained not only a respite for the prisoner, but a warrant for the arrest of Captain Everett.

It was a busy evening. Edwards was despatched to London in the friendly custody of an intelligent officer, to secure the person of the foreign-looking vendor of subtle poisons; and Mr Sharpe, with two constables, set off in a postchaise for Woodlands Manor-House. It was late when they arrived there, and the servants informed them that Captain Everett had already retired. They of course insisted upon seeing him; and he presently appeared, wrapped in a dressing-gown, and haughtily demanded their business with him at such an hour. The answer smote him as with a thunderbolt, and he staggered backwards, till arrested by the wall of the apartment, and then sank feebly, nervelessly, into a chair. Eagerly, after a pause, he questioned the intruders upon the nature of the evidence against him. Mr Sharpe briefly replied that Edwards was in custody, and had revealed everything.

'Is it indeed so?' rejoined Everett, seeming to derive resolution and fortitude from the very extremity of despair. 'Then the game is unquestionably lost. It was, however, boldly and skilfully played, and I am not a man to whimper over a fatal turn of the dice. In a few minutes, gentlemen,' he added, 'I shall have changed my dress, and be ready to accompany you.'

'We cannot lose sight of you for an instant,' replied Mr Sharpe. 'One of the officers must accompany you.'

'Be it so: I shall not detain either him or you long.'

Captain Everett, followed by the officer, passed into his dressing-room. He pulled off his gown; and pointing to a coat suspended on a peg at the further extremity of the apartment, requested the constable to reach it for him. The man hastened to comply with his wish. Swiftly, Everett opened a dressing-case which stood on a table near him: the officer heard the sharp clicking of a pistol-lock, and turned swiftly round. Too late! A loud report rang through the house; the room was filled with smoke; and the wretched assassin and suicide lay extended on the floor a mangled corpse!

It would be useless to minutely recapitulate the final winding-up of this eventful drama. Suffice it to record, that the previously-quoted facts were judicially established, and that Mr Frederick Mordaunt was, after a slight delay, restored to freedom and a splendid position in society. After the lapse of a decent interval, he espoused Lucy Carrington. The union proved, I believe,



a very happy one; and they were blessed, I know, with a somewhat numerous progeny. Their eldest son represents in this present parliament one of the English boroughs, and is by no means an undistinguished member of the Commons House.

## FAMILIAR ENTOMOLOGY.

### THE BEETLE FAMILY.

THE beetles are a highly-important family. They are spread all over the globe. Even Greenland and Iceland, with their inhospitable climates, acknowledge their existence. Coming into noonday effulgence at the tropics, the smaller branches of the family shine with a less conspicuous brilliancy in the cooler climate of the temperate regions. Wherever they are, they are beautiful creatures; and were it only for their exquisite tints, not to mention their extraordinary form, they deserve a conspicuous position in our home series. There is therefore much to be said about the beetles; more, probably, than any one who is a stranger to this interesting family will be disposed to admit at first sight.

Beetles belong to the natural family of *Coleoptera*—a term expressive of a peculiarity by which the order is distinguished; the two superior wings being hard, stiff, and horny in structure, often splendidly burnished, but altogether unsuited for the purposes of flight, and serving principally as *sheaths* and coverings for the delicate pair of real wings, which are placed beneath. These are thin membranes, finely veined, yet possessing considerable strength, and shining with a beautiful iridescence. When not in use, they are folded up, and carefully disposed beneath the horny wings, or *elytra*. A sort of envelop of a similar corneous character to that of the wings, and containing the peculiar chemical principle *chitine*, covers the entire body of the insect, acting as a protection against external violence, and as a firm attachment to the muscles, thus resembling the osseous system of animals. If we were to consider the structure of a beetle anatomically, we should recognise in it three portions, which are very distinctly defined. These are the head, thorax, and abdomen. To speak of each shortly, and in order:—The head, somewhat triangular in shape, is furnished with two eyes, two antennae, and a mouth, which consists of several parts. The antennae are frequently of the most curious aspect: some are long, and threadlike; some are like a string of beads; some have strangely-shaped knobs on their ends; some are toothed; and the unhappy cockchafer, the immemorial victim of juvenile cruelty, is rendered remarkable by a pair of antennae which are like a couple of fringed fans. The mouth is a very formidable part of the beetle anatomy. Without entering into detail, the following are its essential portions: the upper-lip, the mandibles, the under-jaws, and the under-lip and chin. We shall particularise only the jaws, which lend so much that is terrible to the aspect of this family. The upper-jaws, technically called 'mandibles,' from their function of chewing, are represented by two very powerful horny instruments placed on each side of the mouth. They are the masticating apparatus of the insect. A formidable variety of the mandibles occurs in the 'stag-beetle,' whose larvæ some believe to have formed one of the most exquisite of the dishes which loaded the tables of epicurean Rome. The mandibles in this insect present a lively resemblance to the horns of a stag; whence the beetle's name. But those of a foreign species are still more singular: they have all the appearance of a pair of curved saws, the teeth very sharp, strong, and irregular. The use to which they are applied by the insect in the case in question is curious. It is an inhabitant of the dense forests of Brazil, and is called by the inhabitants the *Mouche scieur de long*, in consequence of a very extra-

ordinary act it is said to perform. Closing these powerful saws upon the projecting twig of a tree, the insect-sawyer begins to work—in what manner will it be supposed? By flying round and round until the twig is cut through, thus performing the work of a very ingenious kind of circular saw! Another unusual form of the mandibles is where they exceed in length the whole body of the insect. In the act of mastication, or in lacerating their food, the mandibles move in the contrary direction to the manducatory motions in carnivorous animals, their line of action being in the horizontal direction—somewhat, in fact, like a pair of scissors. The under-jaws, or *maxilla*, also move horizontally, and vary much in size and form. Their principal use is subsidiary to the mandibles in the prehension, laceration, and mastication of food. It has been supposed that the hairs with which they are provided act as sieves, so as to permit only the liquid and very fine portions of the food to enter the stomach. It is considered unnecessary to add further to the anatomy of these insects, the above being sufficient to indicate its most prominent features; minuter information being readily acquired in the many excellent text-books on entomology.

Such is the insect in its perfect state. The larvæ of the beetle family are soft, fleshy creatures, composed of a number of segments: including the head, generally about thirteen. They are chiefly interesting as conducting us to the consideration of some of the habits of this family: soft and fleshy though they are, without doubt, yet they comprise some of the most fierce and terrible slaughterers of any tribe. Some of these larvæ are truly formidable to the insect community. Those of the tiger-beetle are to the full as voracious and sanguinary as their name implies—digging long holes in the sand, where they lie in ambush with wide-expanded jaws, ready to crush to death any unsuspecting insect-passenger, and without the smallest compunction snapping up relatives as well as born enemies. It has amused some sentimental writers to paint the horrors of the rooms, caves, and cells in which the Bluebeards of the earth have deposited their victims; but these must all yield to the narrow, dismal, dark den in which these ferocious larvæ pursue their bloodthirsty propensities; where the crush of the terrible forceps, the scuffle of the struggling insects, and the tumbling down of clouds of earth, form a scene of conflict as horrible as the most rabid horror-painter could desire. Some, again, pursue their deadly occupation beneath the peaceful waters of our rivers and pools. Those of the *Dytiscus*, or 'divers,' may be particularly mentioned: hanging head downwards in the water, and breathing by an appendage at their tails, they seize their prey by means of a pair of powerful mandibles, and content themselves with sucking out the juices of the victims. Some of the larvæ of the *Calosoma* are murderers by the gross; getting, unfortunately for the inhabitants, into the nests of caterpillars, the most awful havoc ensues. Heaps upon heaps fall down slain, the destroyer becoming so glutted with his banquet as to be unable to stir an inch; in which condition he very commonly is surprised by some relative, to whom he immediately falls a victim—the just reward of his excesses. Where—as in the case of the common cockchafer—the larvæ are not insectivorous, they commit terrible devastation upon the roots of the grasses. These they sometimes so completely eat away, that the turf can be rolled off just as if it had been cut with a spade. The larvæ of the cockchafer do incredible mischief by this means.

The larvæ state draws to its close: it has to prepare for its change; but it has previously undergone several times the interesting and extraordinary process called 'moulting.' Well did Swammerdam declare this process to be a 'specimen of nature's miracles;' adding, that not only, like serpents, do the larvæ cast off their outer skin, but the throat, and a part of the stomach and intestines; and even some hundreds of the minute pulmonary pipes

pervading the body cast theirs also. After this process, the larva becomes very weak and sickly: it then becomes a pupa: the most familiar instance is that of the cockchafer. It is soon to be on the wing. The perfect insect is born about the beginning of the fourth year from the period of its deposition as an egg, generally in January or February, in a little cavity underneath the turf. Let us quote Goldsmith's animated description of the further process:—'About the latter end of May these insects, having lived for four years under ground, burst from the earth when the first mild evening invites them abroad. They are at that time seen rising from their long imprisonment, from living only upon roots, and imbibing only the moisture of the earth, to visit the mildness of the summer air, to choose the sweetest vegetables for their banquet, and to drink the dew of the evening. Wherever the attentive observer then walks abroad, he will see them bursting up before him like ghosts in a theatre.' When thus emerged, they dash about in all directions, hitting themselves against every object, as if really blind, which the common proverb, 'blind as a beetle,' would make them to be. It is a legitimate part of Everyday Entomology to plead for the persecuted. It has lifted up its protest before against insect cruelties; therefore let the miserable cockchafer be pitied now. Let the crooked pin and string, its instruments of torture, vanish from schoolboy fingers; and if the unhappy creature must needs be destroyed, being done quickly, it will be well done. One could almost wish that the popular legend of Sweden, or at least the spirit of it, were current in our less gentle island—the belief that a meritorious act is done if one of these poor May-bugs is set on its legs.

Now let us cast off the restrictions of formal entomology, and wander at our will in search of the curious among the miscellanies of the natural history of this family. It is hard to know where to commence when so much that is singular is to be described. Certainly, of all remarkably-formed insects, the beetle family can boast of being the most extraordinary. Of these creatures, let us first notice the largest size; the huge beetle with the great name *Goliathus magnus*, a West African species. This enormous insect, the very giant of entomology, is as beautiful as it is huge, although, withal, of a very spectral and demoniac aspect. Its thorax is beautifully ribbed, and its wing-covers are of a dusky purple. It belongs to a species which, Mr Macleay says, belts the globe. Fortunately for the other inhabitants, however, the rest are not such giants of Gath as the specimen in question. Another such is the Hercules beetle, a terrible personage, with an enormously long and proportionably strong black horn, while he glitters behind with wing-covers of the most resplendent sea-green. Its body is a shining black: it is found in the Antilles. Another curiosity of form is the *Ateuchus sacer*, interesting also from its mythological associations. This beetle is commonly known as the *Scarabeus*. It is a solemn, dingy-coloured, black-looking creature, glittering with a highly-burnished metallic lustre. It was worshipped by the Egyptians, consecrated to the sun, and, as is well known to the learned in Egyptian sculpture and antiquities, it is frequently represented upon their tombs and in their hieroglyphic inscriptions. It was held in such veneration also, as to be enclosed in the coffins of the dead, and its worship formed an important part of the idolatry of the people. The best general conception of these singularities of form is derived from the following account, the very charm of the style of which marks it to be drawn from Messrs Kirby and Spence's delightful work:—'Some resemble so many pigmy Atlases bearing on their backs a microcosm, and presenting to the eye of the beholder no inapt imitation of the rugged surface of the earth—now horrid with misshapen rocks, ridges, and precipices; now swelling into hills and mountains; and now sinking into valleys, glens, and caves.'

As to their appendages, some have been already enu-

merated; but as the great stag-beetle is an inhabitant of Great Britain, and one of its most curious ones, it deserves commemoration for its great horns, so to speak. This beetle occasionally is said to measure three inches in extreme length; its body is of a dark-brown colour, while its horns are red. Those who would search for it, must look in the months of June or July on ancient oaks or rotting willow-trees. It is a fierce creature, will pinch very hard, and is a desperate fighter. We are ignorant with what truth it is related that occasionally several heads of these creatures are found together, the trunks and abdomens being nowhere to be seen! What has become of them? The heads are all alive and active: the remainder of the bodies, therefore, must have once existed. It is supposed they have had a dreadful mutual conflict, and have destroyed one another all but their heads! Acquainted as we are with the ferocities of insect warfare, we cannot say there is anything incredible in this statement, but should be glad to see it confirmed. Mr Westwood, in the 'Entomological Magazine,' states that he tamed a stag-beetle, and that it was very fond of amusing itself by tossing a ball of cotton about with its horns!

Nothing but the palette can express the beauties of the beetle family. Even the dried cabinets of entomologists convey only a broken ray or two of their loveliness in the living state. We are altogether at a loss for a comparison in attempting to picture them to the eyes of the reader. Such liquid, living, lustrous colours are possessed by no earthly things besides. The splendours of the kaleidoscope, or its kindred invention the 'chromatope,' are outdone by a single beetle. Here are flying rubies, emeralds, sapphires, topazes, diamonds, opals, and what more? Kemper, in his 'History of Japan,' speaks of a species of beetle kept by ladies as a curiosity on account of its extreme beauty.

The fire-flies themselves are true coleopterans insects. It is related by Mouffet, that when Sir T. Cavendish landed in the West Indies, as evening drew on, the party were much alarmed by the appearance of lights in the woods in all directions. Alarm was instantly taken; it was thought to be a party of Spaniards advancing to the attack by torchlight, and all rapidly fled to their ships. The attacking party turned out to be only a number of fire-flies! Their technical name is the *Elater noctiluca*. They are used as artificial lights by the Indians on their fishing and hunting excursions: a single insect emits sufficient light to enable print to be read. In the Havana they have been pressed into the service of the fair, and form the most brilliant evening ornaments of the head-dress, confined in gauze. We must select two members of this family as conferring essential benefits upon man. The first of these is the invaluable insect the Spanish blistering-fly, *Cantharis vesicatoria*. The appearance of this insect is well known. It abounds in parts of Spain, is gathered by beating the bushes, and is killed with vinegar fumes, after which it is dried and exported. The other is the indefatigable beetle called by the Americans the 'Tumble-dung' beetle, technically, the *Geotrupes stercorarius*. It belongs to the *Scarabaei*, and was with the other member of its family venerated in Egypt. Mr Catesby, an intelligent traveller in Carolina, gives a curious account of its habits. It is remarkably strong; it deposits its eggs in any excrementitious matter which the negligence of man allows to lie on the ground; it then rolls up pellets of this material, prepares a hole for its reception, and by indefatigable labour, by means of the tip of its abdomen and hind-legs, pushes the pellet, when sufficiently dry, into the hole. Mr Catesby calls it an admirable scavenger; and avers that these little insects, not larger than a cockchafer, by their incessant labours will keep a whole village clean! Akin to this singular feat is that of the 'burying beetles' mentioned in an article on 'Natural Sanitary Agencies' in a previous number of this Journal. The curious artillery of the Bombardier beetle, and other singularities connected with this family, have before appeared.



Let us say, in conclusion, that the 'death-watch,' as our superstitious friends call it, is merely the tap of a beetle; and that beetles attack our bacon, meat, timber, offal, biscuits, and farm products. Want of space forbids our proceeding, as it is felt that already the article is over-long for one subject. How imperfectly, however, does it justify the title! But some shelter may be taken under the fact, that the number of European species alone is estimated at 3760, and the total number is said to approximate to thirty thousand!

#### A NEW EMIGRATION FIELD.

THE letters received by the editors of a long-established periodical, circulating throughout all classes of the people, form a very clear index to the governing ideas of the time. From sources of information of this kind we ourselves can always tell what are the great thoughts stirring at the moment in the public mind. Indeed it is both curious and interesting to notice the sympathy which arises between a constant literary visitor and its readers. The Journal acts as a conductor from mind to mind; it establishes a kind of mesmeric rapport between the parties; and when circumstances of exigence arise—when men arrive at some turning in the road of life, where a single step in a new direction may determine their fortune for ever—they seek refuge in their perplexity where they have been accustomed to find instruction, and implore advice from one who may be really an abstraction, but whom their hearts have personified as a counsellor and friend.

We are not sure that this has ever taken place to such an extent as in the case of these humble pages; and we are quite sure that no other journal has ever taken such pains, while discharging a trust, to avoid a responsibility. This, we know, is far from being agreeable to our readers. Unable to determine for themselves, they would fain throw the *onus* somewhere else. They would implicitly follow advice if they could only obtain it from a quarter where they had been accustomed to repose confidence; and if disappointment was the result, they would find consolation in being able to cast the blame upon another. It is not of the blame, however, we are afraid, but we shrink from the moral burthen which the exercise of such an influence would lay upon our minds. We prefer enabling our clients to determine in important matters for themselves; and this we do by putting them in possession of the facts on which our own opinion, if we ventured to give it, would be founded.

The subject which at this moment has the strongest hold on the spirit of the community is—emigration; and on that subject even he who dares not advise, must still feel it to be his duty to warn. Society in this country has reached a point where some change *must* take place. Every trade, every profession, is overcrowded. That is the true cause of most of the evils, both moral and physical, of which the present generation complain; and even the purblind patriots and mawkish sentimentalists who attribute 'starvation wages' to the tyranny of capital, are beginning to shrink from the questionings of common sense. Capital buys labour, just as labour buys bread—as cheaply as it can; and the price of both articles must depend upon the supply. Labour of all kinds, intellectual as well as mechanical, is superabundant in England; and so long as that continues to be the case, so long will endure the strongly-marked difference between the position of the capitalist and that of the worker of every description—a difference which every now and then excites such a storm of ignorant indignation. Workers of more than ordinary talent, or more than ordinary adaptation for their peculiar employment, will still command the market; but the multitude must obey it. Of these the average in usefulness must be satisfied with a bare subsistence, while those under the average will range from 'starvation wages' down to actual destitution. Such is the dispensation under which we live—such are the economical conditions of our present social system;

and all those schemes of amelioration which do not directly apply to them are a mere waste of mind.

These ideas are not only old in a certain class of books, but they begin to be felt, like an instinct, by all classes of the people; and the remedy that commonly presents itself is simply the removal of supernumerary hands to a new field. Whether this will really stop the morbid tendency is an open question; but in point of fact it is a question which persons who deliberate on emigration neither know nor care anything about. They do not contemplate abandoning their old home to make room for those who remain, but to seek a better one for themselves; and on avowedly selfish and personal grounds they put the anxious question, 'Whether to go, and whither?' Government has a different duty—namely, to see that the emigration is beneficial both to the adventurers themselves and to the country they leave. But how often does it perform this duty? How often does it comprehend it? It is waste of time to reason on the nature of government in the abstract. Practically, at least in this country, it is a non-intelligent machine, moving by external agency, and standing still when that is withdrawn. It encourages or discourages emigration, not from motives of national, but of party interest; it plants a colony when circumstances render the step compulsory; and it leaves the pioneers of its empire to their fate till the nation cries shame! The governing rule of its colonial policy is momentary expedience; and the wild contradictions into which it is thus betrayed exhibit not only a remarkable deficiency in statesmanship, but infer an utter want of public virtue.

This, then, is a fit subject for warning. Warning will do no harm either to the people or the government. It will excite inquiry; it will call reason into play; and it will enable intending emigrants to cast themselves upon their fortune with open eyes. As an illustration of what we mean, we shall now mention a topic of the day of great interest and importance—no less than the proposed opening of a new emigration field.

On the north-east of the Cape of Good Hope there is a territory about the size of Scotland, marked out for a separate country by well-defined boundaries, consisting of mountains, rivers, and the ocean. The climate, we are told, is the most salubrious in the world. 'Uniformly mild, subject to no extremes of temperature, with all the equability, and none of the atmospherical moisture, of New Zealand, it is nearly as abundantly watered, of far richer soil, and within half the distance of Europe. Its productions, indeed, of coffee, rice, cotton, indigo, sugar, aniseed, indicate a somewhat warmer temperature than the former; but it is conceded on all hands that the heat is never excessive, or calculated to render field-labour very oppressive. Pulmonary and scrofulous diseases are quickly cured by a residence in the district, and ague is entirely unknown. The soil is capable of producing most of the vegetable treasures of the tropics, and all those of the temperate zone in abundance, and of the finest quality, particularly the cereals which flourish best in Egypt. Grass is so thick and luxuriant, that it fattens cattle rapidly, and grows up to the horse's shoulder. In the numerous clefts of the mountain streams and gullies fine timber is to be had. It produces cotton of the best quality, and its cultivation is accompanied with unrivalled success. In short, it seems to combine every advantage of New Zealand and Australasia, with much greater proximity to England. The government surveyor-general becomes perfectly eloquent in describing its character and excellencies. The successive governors of the Cape are equally emphatic in their praises; public companies, both in England and Germany, endorse these favourable opinions; and, to sum up all, merchants have largely ventured their money in establishing settlers in its most eligible localities, and promoting its culture of cotton.'

\* From a useful and extremely well-written shilling pamphlet by Mr Sidney Smith, entitled 'Whether to Go, and Whither? or, the Cape and the Great South Land.'

In this paradise 'a fat ox costs L2, 10s.; working bullocks and milch cows from L2 to L4; horses, L10; sheep, 6s.; and provisions are at all times remarkably abundant and cheap.' It is only ten days' sail from Mauritius, which could readily absorb its agricultural produce; and the neighbouring sea-banks afford an extensive and promising field for cod-fishing. Thus the country is adapted in a very remarkable degree both for land and marine enterprise; and, to make all complete, it is supposed that the bowels of the earth teem with that material now indispensable to high civilisation—coal.

Why, then, is Natal a wilderness, with so much to attract the capital and industry of Europe? So far from being a discovery of the present moment, it has already been settled by the Dutch boers, those warlike farmers of the Cape, who, retreating in wrath and indignation before the irresistible power of the English, carried their families, and flocks, and herds across the frontiers. Here they found themselves in a far superior location both as regards climate and production, and their agricultural tastes and knowledge would have led them to adopt it as their permanent home, but that the hated supremacy of the English reached them even there. It was vain to struggle. Robust and herculean of frame, ignorant, proud, daring, and high-fied as they were, still they could not withstand the tactics of Europe: they were beaten from point to point; and when the conflict became hopeless, they once more began their march of emigration, and once more retreated across the frontiers. Such are the neighbours, then, of Natal; they hang upon its boundaries, like a thunder-cloud charged with the elements of destruction.

But the English were not the only enemies of the gallant Dutch in Natal. This rich territory is surrounded by the tribes of the African wilderness, against whom, just as against the wild beasts of the country, they waged a constant and deadly war, and who carried off their property, and burned their dwellings, as often as opportunity occurred. When the Dutch at length abandoned the unequal contest, the ground was taken possession of by a new class of emigrants. The savages of the interior, flying from the tyranny of their native chiefs, took refuge within the deserted circle; and these Koolah and Kaffir refugees are now supposed to amount to 200,000. So much the better, it will be said, for here we have the rudiments of a labouring population; and this would be true in the case of a strong colony, with ample means of military defence against both external and internal force. But if the mistake should be committed of throwing a handful of Europeans into the arena, to grapple at once with Dutch, savages, and wild beasts, what will be the result? 'The Colonial Commissioners report that "the universal character of the natives is at once superstitious and warlike; their estimate of the value of human life is very low; war and bloodshed are engagements with which their circumstances have rendered them familiar from their childhood, and from which they can be restrained only by the strong arm of power; their passions are easily inflamed, while, from their servile obedience to despotic rulers, they show ready obedience to constituted authority." Sir Peregrine Maitland, indeed, states that "they are generally of a docile character;" but the significant fact, that Sir Harry Smith has ordered the removal of the coloured population from intermixture with the white occupants of the land, "so that a distinct line may be established between the different races of her majesty's subjects," is a pretty clear indication of his sense of the danger of employing savage labour, and of permitting the proximity of the natives to the settlers.'

Now, from all this it will be perceived, that if Natal is to be settled, it can only be so by means of a colony on a respectable scale as to numbers and force; but at this moment the whole strength of England in a country as large as Scotland is *two thousand*! Mr Smith goes into some calculations as to the cheapness of sending out our

military pensioners and workhouse drones; but with that subject we desire to have nothing to do, further than expressing our disapprobation of pauper colonies in general, and of this one in particular, where there are already 200,000 labourers who must be either servants or outlaws. We do not urge the government to colonise in any way; but we demand to know on what principle of policy or humanity it invites, seduces, and entraps its countrymen—before efficient colonisation has taken place—into emigrating to such a field? Here is a specimen of the allurements to which we allude, and which are now flaunted in every widely-circulated newspaper:—'Persons of moderate means, or small farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers, if approved of by her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, can obtain a steerage passage, with provisions and *twenty acres of land*, for the sum of L10; or an intermediate passage, with the same quantity of land, for the sum of L19; cabin passage, L35.' Another advertisement, in allusion to this, assures us that the golden offer is by no means illusory—nay, that we have nothing to do but accept it, and be off in a trice. 'The government forms for passing emigrants to Natal are very simple, and cause neither trouble nor delay: these, with circulars containing a map, and extracts from official and other documents on the climate, soil, and capabilities of Natal, and all other information desired, will be furnished to intending emigrants *free of expense* on application either personally or by letter.'

This, we submit, is a very pointed illustration of our strictures on the character of government as a non-intelligent machine. A fine wilderness falls into its hands at a time when the spirit of foreign enterprise is astrir among the people; and planting in that wilderness a nominal colony, it opens the sluices of emigration. What more could we expect? A colony first, then emigration—that is the natural sequence; and with almost a free passage, a snug farm for nothing, and black fellows to cultivate it for a mere song, what more could we desire? Government being a material automaton, wound up and set going by external agency, having no moral sense, and no eyes for the future, cannot be supposed to consider anything but these obvious points. It does not perceive, and does not care, that the pathfinders of its new domain, as poor almost as the savages they employed, after passing the life of a wild beast, tending and being tended, would degenerate into a barbarism as profound as that by which they were surrounded.

But although we consider it worse than injudicious to invite miscellaneous emigration, and more especially the emigration of the very poor to such a country, Natal appears to be a good field for commercial experiment carried on by united bodies. The Manchester Commercial Association has already brought home samples of cotton worth from 4½d. to 6d. per pound; and a paper of that town remarks that the 'capabilities of Port Natal for the growth of cotton and other agricultural produce, without the expenditure of a heavy amount of capital and labour, may be judged of from the fact, that Mr Peel had several hundred acres (we believe we might say thousands) of virgin land, through which the plough could be run without removing the stump; and the whole is but thinly wooded.' This company relies upon the labour of those German boers who have remained within the colony, amounting to 4000; but another company announced depends more upon the Zoolahs. At anyrate, the cotton soils are near the sea, the true country of Europeans; and there being little jungle to clear, the experiment can receive a fair trial.

This applies, however, only to wealthy capitalists, who can take care of themselves. Our warning is for the poor, to whom L10 and their outfit form a prodigious speculation—for the small shopkeeper, and saving hard-working servant, whose L19 and a little parcel of merchandise would be their all—and for the reduced gentleman, who would be glad to purchase an estate on

which he could kill his own mutton, together with the means of getting out to it in comfort and gentility, for L.35—to these persons we would recommend to look for information from other quarters as well as the advertisers; and, above all, they would do well to shut their eyes to any prestige that may seem to them to accompany the sanction of government. The touch of government is fatal to emigrants; and when a colony thrives, it is not by the assistance of government, but in spite of it. Labourers, as we have shown, are not wanted in Natal; and to convey property thither, in the present state of our information, would be madness. Those who *are* wanted are the pioneers and path-finders, whose ruined huts and solitary graves serve as landmarks to guide in after-years the gradual march of civilisation!

#### FRENCH PEDLARS IN ITALY.

THERE is in Northern Italy a peculiar branch of trade carried on almost exclusively through the instrumentality of Frenchmen. These individuals, chiefly from Languedoc and Provence, repair at a particular season of the year to Genoa, sometimes with a small capital, but much oftener without. They find, however, no difficulty in obtaining credit. In the first place, those who have been long known, and established their character for honesty, readily become security for the newcomers; and if this were not the case, still the incipient pedlars belong to a class of men so remarkable for punctuality and uprightness in their dealings, that even the most suspicious merchants would think they ran no risk in trusting them. Our prejudices may at first perhaps render us a little incredulous; but the fact nevertheless is, that French people engaged in trade are generally well-principled; at least they have been fortunate enough to achieve an honourable reputation, and in whatever foreign country they settle, are looked upon as perfectly safe in all matters of business. The shopkeepers of Bahia, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro, Valparaiso, and other cities of South America, are nearly all French, who, through their honesty and good conduct, generally realise small fortunes, with which they in most cases return to spend their latter days in their own country, their attachment to home being stronger than that of any other European nation.

Genoa is the principal resort of the French pedlars who have taken the place of princely merchants, and help to keep alive the remnant of a commerce which once accumulated opulence in the city, and extended its ramifications over half the world. When you walk through it, melancholy seizes you at every turn. Streets and palaces without inhabitants, warehouses without goods, a customhouse where almost no duties are paid, and a mole which has now too frequently no ships to shelter from the weather. Such is Genoa! But wherever men are congregated, they must discover some means of earning a livelihood. Pomp and grandeur have no other basis than industry, as the owners of the immense fortunes once found in Genoa have proved to their cost. They went on spending, supposing their revenues would last for ever. But time by degrees brought them to the end of their treasures, and the descendants of grandes with pompous titles, and of merchants, each of whom possessed a little navy of his own, now in many cases subsist by supplying goods to French pedlars, who have intelligence, enterprise, and perseverance.

We have been unable to ascertain the number of persons engaged in carrying on this obscure department of the trade of Genoa: they must, however, be numerous. When preparing to start on their toilsome and not unperilous enterprise, they go to the warehouse of the merchant with whom they deal always in pairs, with capacious knapsacks on their backs. As might

be expected, they bestow much care on the selection of their goods, which necessarily consist of small articles, or things that will pack close—such as handkerchiefs, shawls, dresses, cheap lace, ribbons, reels of cotton, needles, &c. To these they add a quantity of Genoese silver jewellery, remarkable for its tastefulness and elegance.

Did these men possess the art of communicating their experience to the world, no travels would perhaps be so interesting as theirs. They pass over, two in company, from Genoa to the north of Corsica, where they part company—the one taking the eastern, the other the western side of the island, agreeing to meet on a given day at the port whence they embarked for Sardinia. They then traverse together this boisterous channel, and on reaching the larger island, separate again, fixing for their rendezvous on another port, whence they usually sail for the coast of Spain, unless they have in the meanwhile disposed of the whole of their goods.

It might at first be supposed that the contents of two knapsacks would not enable men to proceed thus far. Nor do they always, or even perhaps generally. But sometimes it happens that our Corsican and Sardinian villages are not in the humour to buy, or have no money, or have just made their purchases of other pedlars. In this case the wandering merchant must trudge on to the next village or hamlet, to meet perhaps the same ill-luck there. By these means a small stock goes a great way. Besides, as progress is made in civilisation, and villages grow up, through trade or otherwise, into towns, the shop takes the place of the pedlar's pack, and people grow ashamed of owing their finery to the enterprise of wanderers so humble.

Of course it is, as a rule, desirable that civilisation, with all its processes, should replace barbarism. But it may be doubted whether, in many parts of Southern Europe, society has yet arrived at that stage in which it ought to dispense with pedlars. It is, however, a mere question of economy. The rent of shops, and the wages of an establishment, greatly, when trade is dull, augment the price of commodities, because the weight of such charges falls upon a few customers. When the demand is brisk, when money changes hands rapidly, when people throng to shops in crowds, it is possible to be content with a smaller profit, and society becomes a gainer perhaps for the suppression of nomadic traders.

Frenchmen, even in their own country, are accustomed, when in poor circumstances, to subsist on a very homely and economical diet. Bread, a few onions, and a sip of sour wine, they almost regard as luxuries. The same habit and theory of living follow them into other countries, especially when, like our pedlars, their sole object is to save money, to provide for the comforts of their old age, or, if practicable, to enable them to marry in middle life, and undertake the responsibilities of a family. Of one luxury the pedlar is careful not to deprive himself—we mean of a little provision of cigars—which he carries about with him, carefully wrapt in a bit of oil-skin, to protect them from the weather; and on the bleak, rocky mountains of Corsica and Sardinia, smoking is indeed a luxury. In civilised countries, in large cities, in capacious, comfortable, well-ventilated apartments, it may be a mere piece of extravagance to expend money on Havanas. It would seem to be otherwise in the cases under consideration. The pedlar, on quitting his humble *cabaret*, or still more comfortless cottage, in the chill damp morning, his teeth chattering, his whole frame half-shrunk by the night's cold, experiences an agreeable elevation of spirits the moment he takes out his flint and steel, and kindles his cigar. It serves him also as a companion: as he puffs away, he fancies himself in friendly society, especially when the smoke wreathes lovingly around him in some sheltered nook or hollow in the way. Ease and opulence know nothing of such pleasures: everything with them is comfort and regularity; but the wild wayfarer, with all his earthly possessions on his back, who carries at the



same time his purse and his life in his hands—who has to face the storms of winter and the heats of summer—who is always lonely, often sad, sometimes oppressed, dejected, and miserable—derives gratification from small, and, it may be, equivocal pleasures, if smoking indeed be one of these.

Sometimes the track of the pedlar lies through districts so desolate, that he can find at night no habitation, however humble, in which to take shelter, but must betake himself to some cavern or hollow among the rocks. Here his flint and steel come into requisition. He gathers dry leaves and bits of decayed wood, and kindles himself a fire, close to which he lies down, and enjoys the semblance at least of a summer dwelling; by the light of it also he eats his humble supper—a little bread, hard and dry crust of cheese, or a piece of antiquated sausage, with, it may be, an onion or two, or a clove of garlic. Water from the neighbouring well or stream quenches his thirst; and then he betakes himself to sleep on the hard rock, with the infinite air breathing around him, and the stars raining their influences upon his head from the sky.

It may be matter of wonder that the property these men carry about with them—which, though not great, must still be a temptation to dishonesty—would not constantly expose them to the assaults of robbers. The explanation perhaps is, that the state of society which requires pedlars nourishes those prejudices and feelings that operate as their protection. There is in Corsica and Sardinia, and indeed in all other countries similarly circumstanced, a sort of superstition attached to the pedlar's character, which prevents even very desperate persons from attempting his life. He makes his appearance among them trustfully and fearlessly—for pedlars never carry arms—and wherever he comes, excites mirth and gaiety in young and old. He adorns the persons of their wives and daughters, makes their children look gay, and diffuses an air of cheerfulness and contentment through a whole village. Experience of kindness from others makes him gentle and kind in his turn. He is polished by rubbing against the world, and learns at the same time resolution and modesty. Full of stories and anecdotes of adventures of hair-breadth escapes, he has a perpetual fund of entertainment; and the cottage in which he passes the night is generally crowded with as many neighbours as it will hold, who sit in a circle around him, to listen to his narratives.

Occasionally, though not often, the pedlar condescends to become the messenger of love, and bears from hamlet to hamlet tender epistles which he himself perhaps has indited at the request of lover or mistress. At times he assumes the character of umpire and peacemaker, terminates quarrels, crushes the germs of lawsuits, and by a timely present of no great value, makes up matches, and diffuses happiness through a whole class.

Once in Sardinia, at a village high up in the mountains, a pedlar, whom we afterwards met in Genoa, arrived about Christmas during very severe weather. A farmer, whose daughter was about to be married, kindly invited him to make some stay at his house. The pedlar accepted the invitation, and remained eight or ten days, kept a prisoner, as it were, by the hospitality of his host and a perpetual succession of snow-storms. He was present at the wedding, and at the merry-making given by the family in the evening, where he noticed among the guests a young man of rather handsome appearance, who attracted much attention by the gloomy fierceness of his manner. Towards most persons he preserved a sullen silence; but he relaxed with the pedlar, laughed, and talked a great deal; inquired what route he meant to take, and how long it was likely to be before he would be among them again.

In due time the pedlar quitted the farmhouse, and proceeded on his way. The country just there was very thinly inhabited, the woods frequent, and of considerable extent, and here and there were caverns of various dimensions. In one of these the pedlar one

snowy night found himself compelled to take refuge. He had had the precaution to take some food with him; and the cold being piercing, he collected a quantity of wood, kindled a fire, and sat down to enjoy his supper beside it. He had not taken many mouthfuls before he observed a man enter the cavern covered with snow, which he shook from him as he advanced. There was an immediate recognition: it was no other than the farmer's wedding-guest! He accosted the pedlar with a strange constrained civility—saying he was come to sup, and spend the night with him.

'You are welcome,' said the Frenchman with as much self-command as he could assume.

'Perhaps, however,' replied the Sardinian, 'I shall not continue to be so when I shall have explained my errand!'

'We shall see: explain yourself.'

'Listen, then.'

'I listen: proceed. But allow me first to offer you a little supper. Here, pray take a slice of German sausage and a little of this wine, which I have luckily brought along with me. Taste it: it is very good.'

'No,' answered the Sardinian: 'I will neither eat nor drink with you until I find whether it will be necessary to kill you or not!'

'Kill me?'

'Yes, you; unless you accede to the request I am about to make. Listen: I am in love with a girl whose father will not give her to me unless I can prove myself to be in possession of one hundred dollars. Now I wish you to lend me that sum, which I will faithfully repay to you: not at any stated time, observe, for I may be unfortunate; but I swear to you here on this dagger that I will repay it sooner or later.' And he held up the glittering weapon in the light of the flames, ready to press it to his lips should the pedlar accede to his request.

The Frenchman naturally felt exceedingly uncomfortable; for, from the savage aspect of his guest, he did not doubt he had reason to dread the worst.

The Sardinian continued: 'Should you be so foolish as to refuse me, I shall kill you, take all your property, marry, and make use of it. But because I am an honest man, I wish you in that case to tell me who is your nearest of kin in France, since it will be my most earnest endeavour to repay him the money as soon as Providence shall have put it in my power.'

Here he paused, to observe what effect his words had produced on the pedlar, who for some time was too much terrified to reply.

'Well,' resumed the guest, 'you are undecided? It is just what I expected: it is very natural. However, I will stay all night with you, that you may have time for reflection; because I would rather not kill you if I could help it. Still, I have made up my mind to be married next week, and I would kill fifty pedlars rather than postpone the ceremony.'

'Under these circumstances,' replied the Frenchman, 'I must lend you the money, since I have no choice.'

'You resolve wisely: you have no choice. One observation more, however, I must make, and then we will sit down comfortably to supper. It is this: when you next come to our village, you will of course see me and my wife, and you will take up your residence with us in preference to any other person's. You will say nothing, however, of the present transaction, neither to her nor to any one else. You will not seem afraid of me, as indeed you need not be, but will be merry, and reckon confidently of being repaid the sum with which you now accommodate me.'

All this the pedlar promised.

'Now,' exclaimed the young man, 'give me your hand: we are friends: let us sit down to supper. Afterwards you can reckon me out the money; we will keep up a good fire, and chat by it all night; and in the morning we will separate, each to pursue his own way.'

In the morning, as they were about to bid each other

adieu, the Sardinian took out his dagger, and cutting off one of the buttons from his coat, handed it to the Frenchman, saying, 'Take that, and keep it till I restore you your money. Observe it is of silver, and has been handed down in my family for many generations. I would not part with it for all you possess; and when I intend to repay you the hundred dollars, this is the course I shall pursue: I will say I have lost my button, and will offer a hundred dollars to any one who shall find and bring it to me. You will present yourself: you will produce the button; and I, as in honour bound, will give you the sum agreed on. Do we part friends?'

The pedlar, who, notwithstanding his loss, could not but be amused by the strange character and ideas of the Sardinian, gave him his hand, and they parted friends.

Next year he passed the same way again, and sure enough found his friend married to a very pretty woman, who had already brought him a son. He seemed very happy; but coming up to the Frenchman, he said, 'Now I have lost a button: I am not yet rich enough to buy one to replace it: I may be more lucky next year.'

The pedlar understood; and after having been made very welcome at his house, went his way.

A second and a third year he returned, and every time found a young son or daughter added to the family. At length—pleased with his reception, with the constant hospitality shown him, with the pleasant wife and cheerful increasing family—he took the Sardinian aside, and presenting him with his button: 'Allow me to restore you this article of yours, which I have found.'

'No, no,' replied his host; 'keep it another year: by that time I shall be able to redeem it, and at the same time to spend a very merry evening with you. Come this way next winter, and you shall see.'

The months rolled round: the pedlar, regular as the season, came again; and the Sardinian invited him to supper. All the children had been sent to bed, and he and his wife only remained with their guest.

'Agatha,' said he to her, 'do you know that it is to your friend here that you are indebted for a husband?'

His wife looked surprised.

'I beg your pardon, dear Agatha,' said he; 'that is not what I ought to have said. I mean I am indebted to him for a wife, as it was he who supplied me with the hundred dollars, without which your father would have refused you to me.'

'Oh how heartily I thank you!' exclaimed the wife; 'for he is a good husband and a good father.'

'But I robbed him,' said the husband. He then related the whole circumstance, remarking at the conclusion, 'I intrust my secret to you, Agatha, because my honour is as dear to you as my life. Here, friend,' exclaimed he, placing a little bag on the table, 'here are your hundred dollars; so now restore me my button, which you have doubtlessly kept carefully.'

'Yes, here it is!' exclaimed the Frenchman, taking it from his purse; 'and now we are even, except that I owe you much, very much, for the constant hospitality you have shown me.'

'Nay,' replied the husband; 'it is to you that I am indebted for my wife and children: you have been in some sort a father to us all; and therefore, so long as I have a house over my head, pray consider it yours.'

Pedlars are sometimes generous. Taking up the bag of dollars, and turning to the wife, the Frenchman said, 'Allow me, madam, to present this to your youngest child as a birthday present. I am in a condition to afford it. I have made much money in your country, and intend next year to marry, and retire to Provence, my native land.'

The present was accepted; but the farmer, not to be outdone in generosity, forced on him next morning a handsome horse of considerably greater value. The same pedlar had been engaged in many other little adventures, which he used to relate with that ease and

naïveté so characteristic of the French. We fell in with him just as he was about returning to Provence, where we daresay he still enjoys the property which he amassed with so much toil, honesty, and perseverance. The English merchants who supply this class of men are less prudent and economical, and commonly spend their whole gains in what is technically called 'making an appearance.' They, moreover, marry Italian women, settle at Genoa, and soon lose all desire to return to England. Thus deprived of the chief spur to economy, they contract indolent habits, and devote themselves to amusement and pleasure; and while the men whose knapsacks they supply rise to independence, and often even to opulence, contract debts and embarrassments, and terminate their lives in poverty. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. But it is the rule, we fear, in Northern Italy, where, through a superior agency, a much larger amount of British goods might be annually distributed, especially if our manufacturers could study the taste of the people, and supply them with the colours and patterns most agreeable to them. On the coast of Spain the operations of the French knapsack-men are encountered and checked by smugglers from Gibraltar. Still, in both cases, the goods are chiefly English; so that, as a people, it is immaterial to us through which of these channels they find their way into the Spanish market.

#### THE ISLAND OF ARRAN.

AFTER being pent up the whole winter in the great cotton metropolis of Scotland, where sunlight seems frequently to suffer an eclipse, and the loaded atmosphere is inhaled with difficulty, with what buoyancy of spirit does the citizen make his first trip of the season by steamer, and behold, after the long interval, his beloved Clyde flowing as peacefully as ever; its blue waters sparkling in the sun, and all nature looking fresh and happy! It is a mental as well as corporeal recreation, and combines the excellencies of both.

The trips down the Clyde from Glasgow are numerous and varied; the whole scenery of the river and its contiguous lochs being highly picturesque and striking. The excursion by steam to Bute is a great favourite, but the trip that may be made to the island of Arran, which lies immediately beyond Bute, excels it in point of geological and general interest. Arran may be said to form in itself an epitome of the Scottish Highlands, not only in their beautiful and picturesque, but in their grand and sublime features. A specimen is to be found here of everything for which the scenery of our country is renowned, whether in the form of mountain, rock, glen, or lonely lake. There are vales, too, of pastoral beauty, deep-wooded dells, and quiet nooks; and surrounding the whole are the waters of the magnificent firth, tumbling upon shores of every description, from the bed of silvery sand to the bulwark of rocky cliff.

In approaching in the steamer the blue mountains of Arran, their rugged peaks softened by distance, or lost in the clouds, an undefined feeling steals over the traveller, who fancies himself leaving the territories subdued by man, and about to enter the undisputed domain of nature. A stern grandeur characterises the scene before him; the associations of the city melt away from his mind; and he finds himself, unconsciously of the process, in a world of dreams. But the effect of Arran, be it said, is owing in some degree to adventitious circumstances. The noble proprietor, with more taste than philanthropy, is determined that it shall remain a show only to the few. He refuses to let his ground on building leases, or to construct, or permit to be constructed, a convenient landing-place; and in the finely-situated village of Brodick there is but little accommodation for the ordinary visitors of the salt water. Sometimes, it is true, a rush is made in despite of difficulties, and a holiday at Glasgow sends its swarms to the stern and lonely island. But this has not the dreaded effect

of vulgarising the place. There is no house-room, and no food, and happily no drink, for one-third of the unbidden guests; and they locate themselves, gipsy fashion, in the surrounding woods and glens, and, wrapped in their plaids and cloaks, pass the night under the trees.

The passage between Cumbræ and Brodick is frequently rough and unpleasant, a heavy sea running in the wide channel; but all inconveniences are forgotten as you approach the beautiful bay, with Goatfell for its gigantic watch-tower. It is probable that at some antehistoric epoch the sea penetrated to the base of the mountains; but there is now much cultivated land, which finely contrasts with the barren grandeur of the background. A residence of the Hamilton family, which has recently been enlarged and improved, is superbly situated on the rising ground to the right; and in front, and to the left, but concealed from view, is the little row of cottages forming the village of Brodick, in most of which a bed is fitted up for the accommodation of visitors who cannot find room in the inn. On the other side of the bay, called Invercloy, there are a few more comfortable houses for letting to summer visitors.

On a fine clear autumn morning, after enjoying a delightful bath in the pleasant waters of the bay, and despatching a breakfast of somewhat alarming magnitude, we prepared for the ascent of Goatfell. Striking up the road which leads behind the inn of Brodick, and passing through a wood, we soon found ourselves, as it were, in the presence-chamber of the monarch of the island. One feels as if he were now alone in the presence of Goatfell; for the village is lost to view, and the wood half encircles the gradually-ascending ground which leads to the base of the mountain. Even the tyro in geology has here an opportunity of observing phenomena of great interest, and on a scale of such magnitude as makes observation easy, and the impression distinct and lasting. The ground we were now treading might appear to an inexperienced eye as forming the lower part of the mighty mass of Goatfell; but in reality it is not so: it belongs to formations altogether different, and which, strange to say, are older than Goatfell itself.

Nearest the wood the Old Red Sandstone forms the surface strata; and higher up, the slate, which underlies the sandstone, rises above it, and comes into immediate contact with the mass of granite of which Goatfell is composed. These phenomena may be best observed in the bed of the torrent which descends the hill, and which we were led to examine at the recommendation of Mr Ramsay in his excellent Guide-Book, which we had in our hands. Strictly speaking, therefore, we do not begin to ascend Goatfell till we reach the granite formation, which is first observed in the neighbourhood of a small mill-dam at the base of the cone. Several points of contact between the granite and slate may here be noticed; and though we should probably never have discovered them but for Mr Ramsay's directions, we cannot describe the intense delight with which, after diligent search, we gazed on these beautiful phenomena. One of them, and the most easy of discovery, occurs on the west side of the torrent or stream alluded to, and a few yards below the wall of the milldam. A vein of granite, not unlike a stripe of yellow paint, is seen traversing the slate, and may be traced more or less distinctly for several yards. The granite, of course, when it penetrated the slate, must have been in a state of fusion, and the intense heat caused those contortions in the stratified rock which are still plainly visible. Phenomena of the same kind appear a little to the left of the dam, near the top of the descent into Glen Rosa; veins of granite being there also seen crossing some slate rocks, which appear at short intervals peeping above the soil. Considerably farther down the descent into Glen Rosa, a large rock may be observed, which appears partly composed of slate and partly of granite. Geologists hold, we believe unanimously, that the granitic range,

of which Goatfell is a prominent feature, emerged from the abyss long subsequent to the deposition of the stratified formations, such as sandstone and slate. These strata recline against the body of the mountain, just in the position they would have assumed had it protruded itself through while they were yet lying horizontally. Another strong proof of the comparatively recent origin of Goatfell is to be found in the fact, that while at the present day the sand of the seashore is in great measure composed of particles of granite, and while the whole district is impregnated with such particles, no semblance of granite is to be found in those puddingstones or conglomerates which abound throughout what is now the granitic region. The irresistible conclusion is, that when these conglomerates were formed, the granite still lay in the depths of the globe.

It may be imagined that with such objects of interest, which, so far as personal observation went, were absolutely new to us, our progress up the mountain was none of the most expeditious; and we observed several parties whose single object was to perform the feat of making the ascent, keeping far to the right of our favourite milldam, as being the more direct road up the mountain. We now began to skirt its base, in order to gain the right shoulder, and to follow the usual track. The weather was splendid; a magnificent view was to reward our toil; there were parties in advance of us, and some in the rear: we were to be in the midst of a crowd on the top of Goatfell. The thought disturbed the harmony and the repose of our ideas; but after all, man is a social animal, and we reconciled ourselves to intercourse with our kind. Near the top the ascent becomes steep and rugged: you leap from one mass of rock to another; you gasp for breath; and although, perchance, a teetotaler on the earth, you suspect the orthodoxy of the doctrine at the height of 3000 feet. A gentleman whom you have never before seen fortunately carries a flask; he obligingly offers you a sip; you taste, and are invigorated. The effect proves evanescent, but the summit is near. One effort more; you succeed; but instead of standing on the top of Goatfell to enjoy the glorious prospect, you lay yourself flat on your back. But the view from the summit amply compensates for any trifling fatigue. On one side stand the neighbouring mountains, with their rugged and precipitous sides, inspiring a feeling of awe; while, by simply turning round, this emotion is dispelled, and a scene of beauty, such as probably you have never before seen, is spread out beneath you. Much of course depends on the weather; but as we saw it, the magnificent Firth of Clyde was reposing in glassy stillness under a bright and cloudless sky, and the islands resting on its bosom we could have fancied the abodes of the blessed. Beyond the firth the eye may be carried to the broad Atlantic; but we could only distinguish in that direction a range of hills belonging to the Western Islands.

The descent of Goatfell, though accomplished in a short time, requires some little dexterity. We saw a gentleman who, in the dread of being left behind by the steamer, descended with such headlong speed, that if he had missed his footing, he would in all probability have been severely injured, if not killed outright. At an ordinary speed there is no danger whatever.

When we regained the base of the mountain, instead of returning by the morning's route, we turned to the right, and descended into Glen Rosa. We traced with much interest the slate and the granite, and would no doubt have made many original discoveries, if Mr Ramsay had not unluckily been before us. We take our revenge by stating boldly that we did not always succeed in discovering the geological phenomena mentioned by him. We searched a wood, for instance, for upwards of an hour in quest of an old quarry, but without finding it, though we afterwards discovered the appearance we were in search of in one of the stones forming the enclosure of the wood. Glen Rosa is a beautiful valley, lonely and peaceful enough to make



you forget, as you pluck its blooming heather, or stretch yourself on its grassy knolls, the great world you have left with all its toils and cares.

We now wended our way out of the valley, and returning to Brodick, took the steamer for Lamlash, every nerve of our body tingling with pleasurable excitement, arising from physical exertion and intellectual enjoyment. Lamlash Bay, though affording a secure shelter for vessels, is inferior in grandeur to that of Brodick; for there the Goatfell range is wanting, and the Holy Isle scarcely supplies the want. Next day was the Sabbath, and instead of remaining at Lamlash, we chose rather to take our place among the worshippers at Brodick, induced partly by the fineness of the weather, and partly because we understood that the Communion was to be celebrated at the latter place. The walk from Lamlash to Brodick is one of extraordinary beauty, and we enjoyed it to the full. After ascending a hill, you see, on looking back, the Holy Isle, like a towering rampart defending the noble bay that lies at your feet from the tempests that rage without, against which it often affords a secure retreat to hundreds of distressed vessels. Resuming your journey, you pass through a tract bearing a few patches of very imperfect cultivation. The sloping ground on the left becomes gradually covered with shrubbery, and is intersected by a winding stream; but the scene receives its character from the magnificent range of Goatfell, which, in solemn and lonely grandeur, is now seen shooting its rugged peaks into the sky. The wonted solitude of the way was interrupted by many 'going up to the feast;' and from circumstances arising out of the Disruption of the Scottish church, the Word was preached that day beneath the open canopy of heaven, and the festival celebrated under a few boards which formed the roof of a sawpit.

On Monday morning we prepared to follow out the plan of operations which we had previously determined on. Its leading features were—to make the tour of the east side of the island, keeping along the shore as far as Loch Ranza, and then to proceed down the west coast by Dugarry and Blackwater Foot, returning home from the latter place across the island. This plan we were prevented from carrying wholly into effect, although the compulsory variation proved as agreeable as the original design. An unceremonious steamboat-bell hurried us from breakfast, which we had scarcely tasted; and in rather an unsatisfactory humour we proceeded on board. The captain, with a little coaxing, agreed to land us at Corrie, a hamlet about four miles north of Brodick; and as we were rowed ashore, we made the acquaintance of a most intelligent man, the lessee of the limestone quarry in the immediate neighbourhood. This quarry consists of beds of lime and shale alternately: it abounds in fossils; and an inspection of it with an intelligent guide cannot fail to prove instructive to the young geologist. We were obligingly presented with some specimens of the fossils—we believe the *Producta Scotica*. After leaving Corrie, we found the walk along the shore extremely beautiful: on the one hand there was a range of picturesque cliffs, richly wooded, and at one time evidently washed by the sea; and on the other several immense granite boulders, which at some remote period must have been detached from the hills above. At Sannox, about a mile beyond Corrie, we diverged into the celebrated glen, where, instead of the beauty and softness of Glen Rosa, we gazed on terrible mountains and precipices, and felt the littleness of man in the presence of these stupendous works of Deity. Glen Sannox is a ravine of considerable magnitude, rendered still more so in appearance by the clouds that usually rest on the mountain ridges at its further extremity. The darkness, almost blackness, of its prevailing hue—its great depth, and the uncertainty of its outline, lost in perpetual mists and shadows—impress a character of mysterious grandeur upon the picture, such as is rarely met with even in the wildest scenery

of the north. Here the cry of the eagle is not unfrequently heard in a domain which seems peculiarly his own; and a glimpse of the red-deer is still sometimes caught, as he looks down the glen from its Alpine barriers, and snuffing for a moment the breath of approaching civilisation, turns away in terror, and plunges into the wilds beyond.

Sulphate of barytes is found in Glen Sannox, and is at present wrought, a mill being erected near the pit for the manufacture. The manager, whose dwelling-house is also here, obligingly explained to us the process, and showed us some magnificent specimens of the mineral, which is white in colour, and very heavy, and is extensively used in the composition of paint. But this is a dreary place to live in; the gusts which sometimes sweep down the glen are terrific, and the soil hardly acknowledges the labour of man. Glen Sannox, however, in imitation of the civilised world, has its railway, serving as a 'grand junction line' between the pit and the mill.

Leaving the glen, we crossed the Sannox Water, having a long journey before us. There is no shore-road from hence to Loch Ranza, the highway taking a much shorter cut across the country; and we were given to understand that our proposed route, though not absolutely perilous, was at least full of difficulty, and seldom ventured on by strangers. The idea, however, of doing what casual visitants to Arran rarely do, as well as of seeing several objects of interest, determined us to persevere in threading our way through the intricacies of a confused and rocky shore. We were not long in discovering what our valued guide had taught us to look for—the 'anticlinal axis': a term of formidable sound, but meaning simply the point where the strata, which had been dipping in a southerly direction, but continually decreasing the angle, become horizontal. This horizontal position the strata maintain for some little distance along the coast, till at length they begin gradually to dip towards the north. The Old Red Sandstone—a formation greatly indebted for its notoriety to Mr Hugh Miller—here runs along the coast, swelling gradually into considerable hills. We found the shore free from stones of any magnitude, and easily traversed, though a very different scene awaited us as we presently came in sight of what are commonly called 'the Fallen Rocks.' Here prodigious fragments of rock, in all imaginable positions, cover the whole shore, and form a sort of barrier to nearly the summit of the hill. An immense overhanging portion of the hill appears at some unknown period to have given way, and to have been precipitated in these huge masses on the shore. The effect is impressive; and it seems singular that, of the many strangers who visit Glen Sannox, only a very few have seen the Fallen Rocks, not more than two miles distant.

Our familiar friend, the Old Red Sandstone, now deserted us, and we had more difficulty in deciphering the succeeding formations. The geologist, however, detects the beds of the carboniferous series, intermingled with numerous trap dikes. Rain now began to fall heavily, and we felt the less disposition to loiter by the way, as we expected soon to reach the veins of the salt-pans and the old coal-pits. We at length found several of the latter, filled with water; but we had no opportunity of examining the seams of coal which were at one time wrought (but very unprofitably) in connection with the salt-pans in the immediate vicinity. The shore is here considerably elevated, and the ruins stand on a grassy plot, the more inviting after the rugged road we had just been traversing. These ruins, without either antiquity, or architectural beauty, or associations of any kind to boast of, are nevertheless felt to be interesting. They remind us that a spot where the genius of solitude now seems to have taken up his abode, was once the scene of busy industry, and resounded no doubt with the sounds of joy and love. On reaching a quarry about a mile farther north, we found a temporary shed erected to serve as dwellings for the men; the stone they were

quarrying was the New Red Sandstone, and the blocks were lying ready for shipment. The appearance of two travellers in this solitary place was probably so unusual, that one of the men, addressing us, expressed very civilly his concern that we had not known that there was a good road to Loch Ranza across the country, 'by taking which we should have avoided all the difficulties of the shore.' We could hardly persuade him that, with the knowledge of both routes, we had given the shore a preference. We speedily reached what is called the Cock of Arran, a large rock on the shore, and which is seen at a considerable distance at sea. Passing it, we began to encounter the roughest part of our journey. We had reached the Scriden, a repetition of the Fallen Rocks, but on a far more extensive scale. The entire side of the hill seems to have been broken up, and certainly the masses of rock, which strew the whole shore and the slope of the hill, form a scene of most admired confusion. We were told that, except at low-water, we could not pass the Scriden unless by partly ascending the hill. By the aid of a little ingenuity, however, and some friendly sheep-tracks, we managed to thread our way through the mazes of rock, till we emerged again on the open shore. The evening was now drawing on, and being both tired and hungry, we made the best of our way to our journey's end. At about two miles beyond the Scriden we began to round Newton Point, and to our great satisfaction came at length in sight of the sweet and quiet Loch Ranza. It seems probable, in respect of Loch Ranza, as well as of Brodick Bay, that the sea at some remote period penetrated to the base of the mountains. It is now displaced to a great extent by alluvial soil, the process of whose formation does not yet seem complete. A stream from the mountains pursues a serpentine course through the vale, which is terminated by an old castle standing on the beach, and overlooking the calm waters of the loch. Besides the inn, there is a church, in which, however, service is but seldom performed; and a few cottages, the wants of whose inhabitants are probably bounded by their native hills. The hill forming the background of Loch Ranza is famous among geologists as affording an example of the junction of granite and slate.

Immediately after our arrival, the rain began to descend in torrents; and we were kept prisoners in the inn for the greater part of the following day, and were at last obliged to forego our intention of proceeding down the west coast. We therefore returned to Brodick by the high road, remarking, in passing, some magnificent specimens of conglomerate before reaching North Sannox.

Next day, the weather having cleared up, we proceeded to Lamlash, determined to make up for our disappointment; and taking there the high road leading in a westerly direction, we walked to Burrican Farm, nearly six miles distant; and thence striking direct across the open country, we steered for Blackwater Foot, on the south-west of the island. Having arrived without adventure, we set off for Drummedoon Point, a promontory about a mile north of the Blackwater. Drummedoon is of basaltic formation, the rocks imperfectly columnar, and presenting from the sea a picturesque appearance; although, from our position being immediately under the cliffs, the effect was no doubt lessened. Proceeding northward along the shore, we soon reached the celebrated caves, the largest of which, called King's Cove, has a legendary history reaching back to the time of Fingal, of whom, it seems, there are still sculptured traces on the walls. In later times, the cave is said to have occasionally sheltered Robert Bruce. We had no sooner entered it than a thunder-storm began to rage; and during the elemental conflict we remained in this abode of the heroes of the past. The caves in the neighbourhood were no doubt formed by the action of the sea on the sandstone during long ages; but the tide does not now reach them. The pitchstone veins are a few hundred yards

north of King's Cove. The stone is dark-green, and easily fractured; and the veins seem to rise from the sea, and to lose themselves in the neighbouring cliffs. A vein of pitchstone, more acceptable to the generality of tourists, may be seen crossing the old road between Lamlash and Brodick, not very far from its junction with the new. Having satisfied our curiosity, we found ourselves enveloped in a dense Arran mist, which means fog and thick drizzling rain combined. We now mounted King's Hill, and struck direct across the country for Shedog, whence we found our way back to Brodick.

This is no doubt a meagre account of what was in reality a very interesting tour; but it at least catalogues the chief points of interest presented by the island, and may be the means of directing to the scene some better-qualified pilgrims of nature. The peculiarity of the island, as we have hinted, is, that it combines within a comparatively trifling circle, and in an easily-accessible quarter, an example of each of the natural features, from the grandest to the loveliest, for which the scenery of Scotland is famous. Besides this, it presents, in a striking and intelligible form, an epitome of the physical history of the globe, and is thus an admirable practical school for the student of geology.

### THE DEAD.

'Still the same—no charm forgot—  
Nothing lost that time had given!'

FORGET not the dead who have loved, who have left us,  
Who bend o'er us now from their bright homes above;  
But believe, never doubt, that the God who berrest us,  
Permits them to mingle with friends they still love.  
Repeat their fond words, all their noble deeds cherish,  
Speak pleasantly of them who left us in tears;  
From our lips their dear names other joys should not perish,  
While time bears our feet through the valley of years.

Dear friends of our youth! can we cease to remember  
The last look of life and the low-whispered prayer?  
Oh, cold be our hearts as the ice of December,  
When love's tablets record no remembrances there.  
Then forget not the dead, who are evermore nigh us,  
Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed;  
In the loneliest hour, in the crowd they are by us:  
Forget not the dead—oh, forget not the dead!

Boston, U. S. A.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

### THE BANKER'S PARLOUR.

In the morning the banker looks into his 'cash-book,' and observes the amount with which he 'locked up' the preceding night. He then looks at the 'diary,' which contains his receipts and payments for that day as far as he is then advised. He then opens the letters, and notices the remittances they contain, and the payments he is instructed to make. He will learn from these items whether he 'wants money,' or has 'money to spare.' If he wants money, he will 'take in' any loans that may be falling due that day; or he may 'call in' any loans he may have out on demand; or he may go farther, and borrow money for a few days on stock or exchequer bills. Should he have money to spare, he will, peradventure, discount brokers' bills, or lodge money on demand with the bill-brokers, or lend it for fixed periods on stock or exchequer bills. There are some bill-brokers who usually make their rounds every morning, first calling on the parties who supply them with bills, and then calling on the bankers who supply them with money. The stock-brokers, too, will call after 'the market is open,' to inform the banker how 'things are going' on the Stock Exchange, what operations are taking place, and whether money is abundant or scarce 'in the house;' also what rumours are afloat that are likely to affect the price of funds. It is thus that a banker regulates his investments, and finds employment for his surplus funds.—*Gilbert's Treatise on Banking.*

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